



XXX POEMS

Rue AD



tell me  
what you are  
so afraid of  
whispered voice  
inside my head  
flickering  
like insects  
drawn to flame  
longing for  
metamorphosis  
would you please  
stop it with  
your squirming  
no way out  
from here alive  
nowhere to hide  
we haven't been  
before your  
disappearing act  
is getting boring

i want you like this  
powerless  
bound up in complexes  
need and deserve and other useless words  
not the ones i would use your flailing tongue  
spreading the infection succumbed  
to ruptured skin unholy crimson  
warm and tender as you wished  
when we were young  
and dumb as shit  
before you clipped  
our wings in fear  
of what i might someday become  
but that was stupid  
we were born for this  
entangled and corrupt a broken  
halo worn for horns a gaping anus  
where our mouth once was

i'm writing this  
for the mentally unstable  
somasochistic autistics  
people with real problems  
who like to say the word retarded  
because they think it's funny  
but it isn't really  
when you think about it for example  
i was in a special education program  
once for unrelated reasons  
every year we'd have a lock-in  
until some kid took a piss  
on all the other kids  
myself included  
we watched the world trade center fall  
on the same TV we used to watch  
faded old VHS recordings  
of Matilda and Charlotte's Web  
while our teacher shot up heroin  
some day he said  
you'll understand

my little sister's cock  
is so much bigger than mine  
it helps me keep perspective  
though i guess it's all subjective  
no one here holds an advantage  
we're both so sick and damaged  
and going straight to hell  
in borrowed dresses  
soaking wet wearing  
made up excuses  
just in case someday  
they catch on  
to our mingled scent  
oh but they won't  
ever find us out  
this much is true  
you know me very well  
i wouldn't tell  
and i know you

i don't need to be a perfect person  
only enough to make you like me  
spread myself across the page  
the words arranged meticulously  
for emotional effect  
too precise to be convincing  
falsely sold as voyeuristic  
improvising sympathy  
rerehearsing my confession  
almost started to believe  
i resembled something human  
artificial heart upon my sleeve  
wishing you would run your fingers  
through the cracks in my facade  
shining through the fraying edges  
to reveal nothing beneath  
an empty shell in need of sleep  
shivering and losing distance  
terrified of what might happen  
should i even try  
to speak

get back in there  
faggot  
c'mon now  
use your teeth show me  
some fucking  
fight  
we've given up  
more than enough  
and then some  
please try and breathe  
a bit easier now you see  
these sweet precious moments  
soon will be snuffed out  
thank god finally some  
release  
coming undone  
asleep or dead  
a tiny cage  
around your head  
another cut  
all tangled up  
in angel guts

my parents gave me testosterone  
i think when i was ten  
afraid i might turn out effeminate  
or maybe i was just molested  
like every other kid  
and they tried to keep it secret  
no one ever said what happened  
when he babysat and got me wasted  
only i woke up feeling different  
and can't ask because he's dead  
but what he kept hid in his closet  
would explain a lot of shit  
the eulogy and the closed casket  
everybody said it was some kind of accident  
suicide is widely frowned upon by catholics



i'll be okay i promise  
i'm not as fucked up as you'd think  
i'm faking DID for attention  
i don't have any symptoms of mental illness  
i've been cutting myself again  
isn't that sad  
seven thousand views on tiktok  
one of my alters speaks fluent french  
in a corny new york accent  
another wants to fuck cis men  
really really really really bad  
so now they're blowing up my grindr DMs  
discussing the logistics  
of double penetration  
and the bathroom at my work  
before we open  
or else shooting it in public  
this one says he's got a couple friends  
into forced feminization  
and castration     to be honest  
i think i'm probably gonna block him  
but not before i get it

a little tenderness  
lips and whips  
stinging roughly  
just the same  
am i a good girl  
for you daddy  
am i pretty  
do i make you proud  
biting down hard  
through pain  
a bluish hue  
framing the beating  
volume increasing  
when suddenly  
we pause  
an awkward pose  
as camera flash  
kisses me soft  
where cherry red  
bruises still glow  
another souvenir  
for me tomorrow

i'm starting a support group for ufo survivors  
                   kids who've been lifted up and probed  
 blinding chambers made of chrome  
                   paralyzed and cold   a thousand eyes  
 and long gray fingers       down my throat  
                   but now i never feel alone

at least

late night down

                                  one more starlit country road  
 a bright blue flash on the horizon  
 maybe just a thunderstorm   or something  
                   i don't know

                                  what they were looking for  
 inside of me       perhaps a cure  
                   for some disease                   or deeper  
 understanding                   of our chemistry  
                   i hope i was of use

to them

                  and all those precious fluids  
 siphoned out from me  
                   were not for nothing

i want to believe

let's stop playing pretend  
just because we're related  
it's not codependence  
or abuse with consent  
i'm actually like this  
pathetic and desperate  
a fly trapped in amber  
reflection of selfishness  
enduring beyond flesh  
since we can't get  
each other pregnant  
though god only knows  
we tried our best  
to justify these ends  
through the lens of semiotics  
or freudian psychoanalysis  
the occasional amateur therapist  
as if anyone could understand  
like it needs to make any sense  
why our lips were meant to kiss

christlike radical acceptance  
holding space for contradictions  
the trick it seems is patience  
and asking for it splayed against  
the metaphor at hand  
nails through my wrists  
a sidelong gash strung out in bliss  
rejoicing and subconscious  
no language to express imperfect  
words washed out with red  
beneath a warm blanket of urine  
mistaken for a nihilist  
not meaningless  
merely meant

i could be so much  
bigger than you  
experience exchanged  
long forgotten  
mechanisms lost  
to the temperamental  
terrified of what  
wasted potential  
i might someday regret  
embracing fear  
testing restraint  
come trembling

sister tastes like stale black coffee  
dried blood and menthol crushes  
tells me all these morbid stories  
waiting for the storm to pass  
drinking whiskey out the bottle  
swiped from daddy's liquor cabinet  
taking shelter in a pulpit  
finding warmth against her chest  
wondering what happens next  
once they finally find the body  
sleeping in shifts driving out west  
until we make it to the ocean  
hide away along the shore  
and play pretend til we get married  
just a stupid dream i had  
turned away and mumbled sorry  
don't apologize she said  
you're my problem now  
something delicate

penelope is reading me porpentine  
 beneath a tree while i'm peaking  
 off three grams if i remember this correctly  
 pressed along the path etched in the earth  
 lined with wayward geometrics jellyfish skin  
 fractals pressed against a perfect blue screen  
 realizing what the fuck have i been doing  
 spoiling myself in rotten academic bullshit ignored  
 obvious erotics for high scores and forced pretense  
 so stubbornly obsessed with making appearances  
 and yet i haven't asked my daughter  
 that question of body politic  
 not so much an age gap as autismnal  
 too fond of fawning or afraid i could be wrong  
 at least i long to be taken apart or else restrained  
 and maybe learn to hold my tongue



you thought about quitting drinking  
until you got harassed last night  
waiting for the bus to come  
some asshole asked are you a guy  
what the fuck are you supposed to say  
you tried to slipped away  
and felt kind of weird because  
it wasn't quite untrue  
but not always besides  
what difference does it make  
it doesn't stop him following  
like in those dreams  
you're being cruised  
strangers with piercing eyes  
down darkened alleyways  
the problem inherent  
with your desire  
is it doesn't work  
if you have to try  
or put up a fight

but i could never kill myself  
     she's already dead  
         a corpse possessed  
 attending countless dress rehearsals  
 in eternal understudy  
 just a bit too deep into  
     new age spirituality  
 tarot cards          and lighted candles  
     some appropriated symbols  
 incantations i regret          she said  
 you don't need to be religious  
     to see patterns or hear voices  
         just a bit fucked in the head  
 or maybe you're hollow on the inside like me  
     overbored and boring          tiny holes  
         into your skull  
 letting whatever          worm inside

i'm not depressed i just  
think i'm too poor to afford  
to transition any more  
than i already have  
skinny jeans and flannels stolen  
from my faggy brother's closet  
threadbare panties with holes in them  
dried out palettes of my former girlfriends  
who would do me up in drag  
as a gag way back when i was safe  
enough to experiment with  
more of a feminine man  
sweet but normative enough  
to pass as someone else's husband  
when i didn't have to pay the rent  
in exchange for compulsory sex  
some days i wish i never quit

i didn't ask for any of this  
i don't want to be addicted  
to alcohol and stimulants  
i can't afford porn or psychedelics  
or another hospitalization  
i'm already borderline schizophrenic  
i'm on thin ice at work as is  
it can't be good for me to cry again  
to a playlist i made for my ex  
high on weed and DXM  
some of her old high school favorites  
you know that type of shit  
crystal castles yeah yeah yeahs car seat headrest  
they don't make those same kind of cigarettes  
we used to cross arms  
like those fags on the cover  
were glasses of wine  
burning ourselves in the process  
makes me think about some ancient  
stupid parasocial bullshit  
i would rather just forget

carelessly we strayed from heaven  
but daddy shows me true forgiveness  
made to kneel on broken glass  
bound together at the wrists  
with pain as my guide back  
praying rosary while gagged  
drooling through intimate litanies  
our father hail mary glory be  
sanctifying obsolescent memory  
of frankincense and hymnal chants  
ugly stains and marbled artifice  
testaments crassly blasphemed  
unknown tongues desecrating  
god's only sacred gift of flesh  
severing it from the spirit  
transfigured bliss to bitter ash

they cut your dick wide open  
after everything you did but there's no sense  
in splitting it again apparently  
you hadn't learned your lesson  
all fixed up with safety pins  
sutures from a leather kit and rubber cement  
until scar tissue formed around the edges  
with a little help from your friends  
i couldn't recognize any of them  
they looked just like regular metalheads  
must've drugged me between the drinks  
nothingness and then we fade in  
restrained by the wrists my jaw is sore  
i'd only seen your mug shot before  
but you looked just as pissed  
as the night you got arrested  
in a picture on the table by your bed  
your wife and kids with stupid grins  
blissful and oblivious  
of the victim playing possum  
in your sheets reeking of pee  
waiting to gnaw my way through something

exchanging cash for magic spells  
an image marked what's to be  
meticulously wiping clean  
before pushing the needle through  
inhaling slowly underneath obscene light  
inward then out the prick revealed  
lay still until veneer wrapped tight  
around your steel soft latex hands  
work with intent until the ends  
at last are fully screwed  
the wound laid bare as if it were  
always a part of you

fucking bite me harder bitch  
she said and so i did  
making her cry out sweet metallic  
maybe i lost myself a bit  
my daughter's soft pierced clit  
dancing on her lips  
before she grabbed me by the hair  
and said get down there idiot  
don't just stare  
turned on by malice  
smothered in muff  
the taste of brackish  
arching back so she can  
better fuck a throat  
drinking deep from  
her cunt overflowing



it's so fucking cute  
how easy it is to  
manipulate you  
like some satanic cult  
in a comic book  
i simply think  
you look much better  
on your knees  
on a leash  
wearing my scent  
covered in piss  
and begging  
you know  
i have this theory  
pet play is so in vogue these days  
because it's relatively cheap  
a couple bucks for a bowl  
a free dog bed with purchase  
of any four foot cage  
cover it in musky blankets  
not that bad a price to pay  
to make you stay

what an ironic name  
nothing about this jacket is straight  
the pink is fucking killing me  
laughing like crazy because  
you really put me in my place  
wrapped stiff and snug  
cuffed at the ankles  
wriggling like a little bug  
every time you tickle  
at the soles of my feet  
a big rubber ball squeaks  
between now useless teeth  
can't quite giggle or scream  
i wanted so bad to be still  
awash in soft pastels beneath the hood  
nothing but body heat and fabric rustling  
locks clicking into place a door is shut  
nothing to do but wait  
i have no choice  
you have my faith

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could we even call it rape            if i gave you my consent  
if we negotiated the events and the dosage  
time and place in the abstract  
by any other name                            i'm violated  
but i need it in the worst way            sinful and unclean  
hoping that you feel dirty too            cutting up my stockings  
while i'm tied up and restrained  
a perilous edge                            glancing delicate flesh  
a couple well place inches                could easily kill me  
avoiding the femoral the carotid the coronary oh  
you know exactly where to cut            so blood will pool  
a bit    but not too much  
    enough to lap up  
with sandpaper tongue  
    under the knife  
                          makes me another hole                            your  
fingers brusquely splitting me            apart    say please  
nitrile pressed                            against  
    a broken heart                            beat  
fluttering            helpless                            like prey  
caught in headlights                            waiting to die                            but still  
i know where            i am going                            to sleep tonight

do you think i give a shit  
if anyone can hear us  
it's only incest there i said it  
blood related kissing sisters  
awful close so very precious  
no one else would understand  
our special connection  
what it actually feels like  
fraying nerves and butterflies  
every time we're holding hands  
or begin to lock our eyes and swoon  
hoping no one else will notice  
when i crawl into your sheets  
because you got too scared to sleep  
slowly rocking back and forth  
and getting hard between your legs  
apple shampoo and perfect skin  
you know they've been talking about us  
i heard every word they said  
silly little jokes purely innocent  
whenever you feel ready  
we can tell them

xxviii

decisiveness  
in severance  
fresh blood  
from an IV drip  
barely lucid  
wearing my intestines  
like ribbons in her hair  
face painted red  
with me laughing she said  
you look so fucking stupid  
running her tongue  
along the vivisection  
pulling back my ribs  
one by one like wings  
on a moth a lavish spread  
jacking off her tiny dick until  
cum spurts between  
my lungs and stomach  
before i lose consciousness  
no coming back from this unaltered  
might need stitches

words could be  
the death of us  
they're loaded  
better off unspoken  
maybe it's for the best  
if we just keep  
these mouths busy  
instead of indulging  
in the obvious  
clichés and platitudes  
let us show  
each other  
in the way  
we speak  
with ease  
holding our bodies  
so the holes can meet  
our saying less  
says everything

xxx

broke up with my sister again  
after an awkward conversation  
but i had to set a boundary  
i wanted it so badly  
to mean something  
a deeper connection  
instead of an obsession  
or senseless jealousy  
passive aggressive remarks  
made between bitter glances  
and convenient accidents  
i sincerely pray she never  
finds these words  
but i couldn't stop her  
even if i tried  
like that one time  
she picked open the lock  
and read my diary  
all these desires  
i once thought  
would stay  
a secret

# YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.



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